

guest. A little farther on,
and there
will remain one blot of
darkness.

[They go away.]

Sanyasi

The night grows dark and
desolate.
It sits like a woman forsaken,
—those
stars are her tears turned
into fire.
O my child, the sorrow of your
little
heart has filled, for ever, all
the nights
of my life with its sadness.
Four dear
caressing hand has left its
touch in
this night air,—I feel it on my
fore-
head,—it is damp with your
tears,
My darling, your sobs that
pursued
me, when I fled away, have
clung to
my heart. I shall carry them
to my
death.